

Conversation

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Stoick

Status: Completed

Published: 2013-09-12 16:34:22

Updated: 2013-09-12 16:34:22

Packaged: 2016-04-26 16:04:30

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,205

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: In which Stoick sees a little too much, Hiccup seriously considers jumping off a cliff and there is more than enough mental scarring for both of them. One-shot.

Conversation

I love Stoick and Hiccup's father/son relationship and after seeing pics of Older Hiccup... Well, this happened. They're bound to have The Talk at some point, aren't they?

Fyi, I had a blast writing this. I actually had to stop every few minutes because I was laughing so hard. Hopefully you'll enjoy it as much as I did!

Disclaimer: I own nothing, unfortunately.

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><p>Conversation_

Stoick the Vast was everything a viking should be: Tall, strong, ruthless and always prepared for anything. He'd seen dragons get their heads chopped off, seen more than enough bloody wounds and oh, dear Thor, he'd even seen the horrifying image of Gobber wearing his iron underwear ("Completely fireproof and very fashionable, eh?"). If there was one thing of which Stoick the Vast was proud, it was his vikingness.

Or so he liked to think, for at that moment he felt no more viking-y than a sheep.

He was fairly certain he was gaping and his eyes were probably wider and rounder than the Great Hall's table as he stared and stared and stared.

Hiccup.

Hiccup and _Astrid_.

On the _floor_.

There were giggles and hands were in places and _by Odin where had Hiccup's tunic gone_ and this was just _too much_ because Hiccup's wandering hand had just taken a trip down Astrid's top and no, no, _no_.

When he retold this tale - after drinking a little too much ale, since there was _no way_ anyone would get this out of him while he was sober - Stoick would always say that he had puffed out his chest and imperiously demanded to know just what in the name of Thor did the younger vikings think they were doing.

The truth, however, was a little less flattering.

He couldn't help letting out a small squeak - a very manly and viking-y squeak, of course - that echoed around the room as he stared at the couple. He should've run then. He should've taken his favorite axe, jumped on a dragon and never ever _ever_ returned to Berk.

But he didn't, and he would regret it until his dying day.

Hiccup shrieked in a rather girly way and jumped back so fast he didn't calculate the distance too well and ended up banging his head against the wall. Astrid, on the other hand, let out a stream of very colorful curses - by Odin, the girl swore as well as any male viking! - and covered her chest with her arms. Why she did this, Stoick had no idea, since she was still fully clothed.

It looked like Hiccup had every intention of changing that, though, whispered a snide voice inside his head, and Stoick wanted to die.

"D-dad!" Hiccup stammered, sounding every bit as embarrassed as his father felt. "Y-you're... um... back early!" The poor boy was redder than Stoick's beard.

Trying not to think of what would have happened in that room if he _hadn't_ returned so early, Stoick made a valiant effort to look at his son in the eye, but failed miserably. His hair was a good alternative, though. "Hiccup," he said, trying to sound calm. "I think we need to... um... talk."

Oh gods, he'd said it. Oh gods, oh gods, oh gods, _why_ had he said it? He did _not_ want to have this conversation with Hiccup. Dear Thor, he didn't want to have this conversation with anyone!

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Astrid slowly get to her feet. "I think I'll just... go?" She didn't even wait for either of them to answer before she ran out of the house.

Silence.

Very tense, very quiet, very awkward silence.

"Sit down, son," Stoick said finally, taking a seat himself. He

briefly contemplated getting a tankard of ale, since being drunk seemed like the only way to survive The Conversation, but quickly discarded the idea. He'd leave the drinking for later and hopefully he'd wake up the next day and not remember anything.

Hiccup was looking at him warily, as if he were a dragon that might attack and bite his head off at any moment, but he sat down.

"Well, Hiccup." Stoick took a deep breath to prepare himself.
"Sometimes, when a man and a woman love each other very mu-"

"Oh gods, dad, you're not going to give me the Talk, are you?" Hiccup looked positively horrified now.

Stoick's eyebrow twitched. "I am, so be quiet."

"But Daaaaaaaaad..."

"Shut up, Hiccup."

"I already _know_-"

Stoick was getting more and more irritated by the second. Gods be dammed, they were going to have this conversation and then he was going to throw himself off the nearest cliff. "Hiccup..." he said warily.

"No, no." His son stood up suddenly and started edging towards the door. "I'm not going to listen to this."

"HICCUP HORRENDOUS HADDOCK THE THIRD," roared Stoick, grabbing his son by the arm and throwing him back on the chair. "YOU WILL PUT ON YOUR TUNIC, YOU WILL SIT DOWN QUIETLY, YOU WILL LISTEN TO ME AND YOU WILL BE GRATEFUL. IS THAT CLEAR?"

Hiccup gave another squeak that could've meant 'yes', 'no' or 'please don't kill me'. Stoick didn't really give a damn by this point. He knew that using The Full Name would always scare Hiccup into doing anything he wanted.

When he saw that the young man was clothed once again and giving him his full attention, he took another deep breath. "As I was saying: When a man and a woman love each other very much..."

* * *

><p>"Toothless, how much do you think it would hurt if I jumped off a cliff?<p>

The dragon looked at his friend inquisitively. The young viking had been inside the house for ages, and the look on his face when he'd finally come out had been... Well, 'traumatized' would be a bit of an understatement. His deep green eyes, always full of intelligence and curiosity, now looked as though they'd seen horrors the Night Fury couldn't even begin to imagine.

He licked Hiccup's cheek, trying to make him feel better, and the young man sighed. "It must be great, being a dragon. Wings, fire, no responsibilities, no fathers to mentally scar you for the rest of your life..." He patted the Night Fury's head. "Should we just leave

Berk and never come back, bud?"

The dragon looked shocked and quickly shook his head.

"Meh, you're right. I'd miss the food," said Hiccup, grimacing. "You want to fly for a bit, then?"

Minutes later, they were soaring over the island's mountains, basking in that glorious freedom that only flying could give. Hiccup laughed, as he always did, glad to be with his best friend.

But no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't get Stoick's insistent voice saying 'you need to know where to put it, Hiccup' out of his head.

* * *

><p>Reviews are appreciated. Really, guys, it would make my day if you gave me some feedback! And thank you for reading :D

End
file.